

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

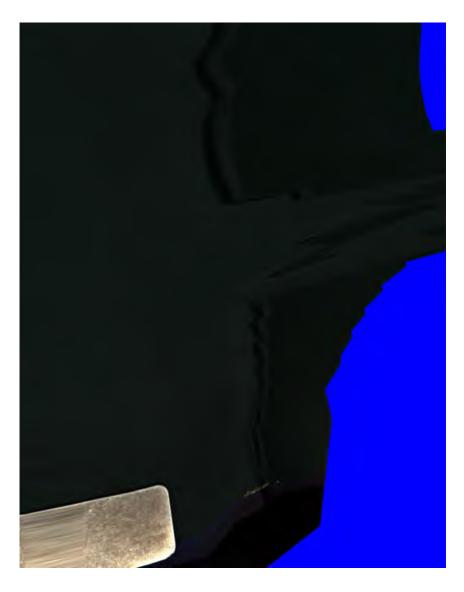
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/







ı		
		I

Spring Plassams.

THE THREE OTHER SERIES, WHICH ARE INTENDED TO COMPLETE THE SUBJECT, WILL BE UNDER THE TITLES OF "SUMMER FLOWERS," "AUTUMN SHEAVES," AND "WINTER WREATHS."

Stray Choughts

1N

PROSE AND VERSE.

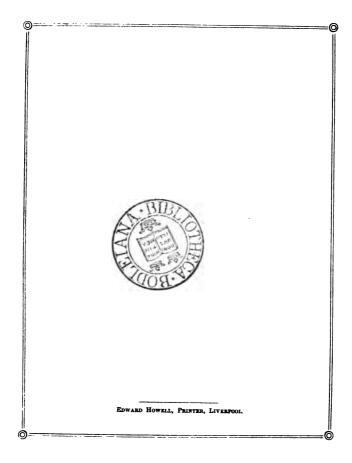
Spring Blossoms.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

MDCCCLX.

270. c. 347.



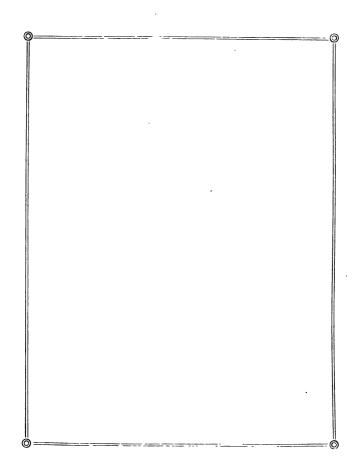
TO A BELOVED

AND ONLY SURVIVING SISTER

AND TO THE MEMORY OF TWO OTHERS

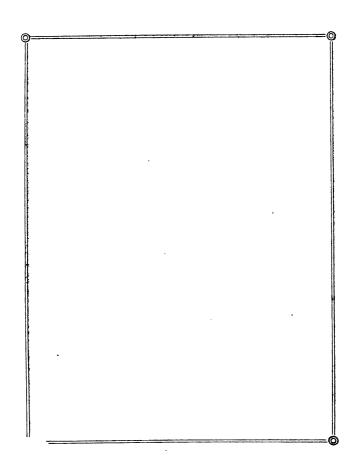
This Fittle Book

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



CONTENTS.

											P	AGE.
Spring Blossoms												9
A Sea-side Thought												59
On Seeing a Pencil S	ket	ch (of tl	ne S	krei	ghs	at	Con	isto	n		62
Expostulation .												64
Thoughts Suggested	by a	a B	leak	Ga	le							66
Lines sent with a Pi												67
The Waterfall												70
The Angel's Face.												74
The Voyagers												77
On being asked to w	rite	on	the	" Н	eroe	s o	f Al	ma'	,			83
Spring Desires												84
Twilight Musings				,								87
The Poplar .												89
Rest after Wandering	g											91
To a Little Infant, S	leep	ing										92
The Night Wind .												94
Companionship												97
Light in Darkness											. :	100
Let Me Go, for the I	ay i	is B	real	king	3]	101
An Advent Poem .	•	•		•		•					. 1	L04



Spring Plossoms.

T will sometimes occur to one to question what good results from a susceptibility to all the associations derived from outward objects, which are so often the cause of sudden and poignant regrets, and bitter remembrances; though certainly, occasionally also, of sweet and pleasant memories. Still, for those feelings which are renewed by the force of outward associations, the most part are painful; perhaps because they always refer to what is past, which in itself brings a feeling of pensiveness, however right that past may have been, or however peremptory is the assurance that Time had

but fulfilled his mission in leaving it behind. many could bear testimony to the power with which some simple association has been able to touch their hearts with an uncontrollable sense of past anguish, or of lost happiness. In the midst, too, of circumstances which seem wholly foreign to the indulgence of sentiment; amid the common-places of worldly society, as in the quiet of intellectual enjoyment; among the friends most dear, or while listening to the prattle of little ones who seem to renew our own youth—that sound which above all others has power to turn aside the carking weary cares of life-what is it that can suddenly arrest the words, chill the blood, and cause for a moment such utter absorption as leads, perhaps, to the surprised enquiry, "What is the matter?" What, indeed! Who shall answer that question, and confess to an illusion so visionary and yet so powerful in supplanting all the reality of the present?

Is it a few notes of music?—the thrilling pathos of some little interlude in the midst of the grandest of Mozart's masses?—some subdued close in the slower movements of Beethoven's unequalled sonatas? —the simple tenderness of a Scotch or Irish melody? Or, leaving music, is it the less artistic but not less realising tone of a Spring breeze, rustling, fluttering, and dancing through the tender April foliage; or the "tapping, tapping" against the closed window, in an autumnal evening, of a straggling and now faded vine-branch, which the Summer breeze only swayed lightly about-or the never-ceasing tinkling fall of a little brook? Is it that sudden gleam of sunshine, sad as a tearful wistful glance, on the leaf-strewed lawn, lighting up the gorgeous flowers which, after all Summer blossoms have passed away, stand so motionless in the tranquil afternoon? Or is it the faint scent of a wild, or the rich warm fragrance of a garden, flower—or the apparent gladness with which Spring re-clothes the orchard trees, mocking thus the winter of a tried heart?

Infinite indeed in variety and intensity are the agencies by which the mind is thus affected. Not to all, however, are their influences. Many, protected by a uniform temperament, incapable of earnest passions, and therefore of any sorrows which are not in the course of nature (and even beyond her usual course) soon assuaged; wholly unobservant of her graceful passing touches, and without any desires beyond the common-place—such persons are—shall it be said happily?—excluded from the pain or pleasure of reminiscences so awakened;

(passing over those pitiable imitators who profess to feel whatever they observe to interest others, however incapable of an original thought upon the Some, again, who are not without a subject.) certain taste for natural and poetical beauty, generally speaking, have passed a life so undisturbed by the changes and chances of this mortal state, that they are not able to understand this sensitiveness in others, and are apt to call it "morbid," and "sentimental;" while, should they be persons professing great seriousness, the term "unchristian" is often added; implying that none who enjoy the comforts and hopes of revealed religion ought to be open to such assault. Of these two classes the former can scarcely be considered enviable; for what must they not lose of present interest in all that is most elevating and delightful? Rather surely shall we

sympathise with the feeling of our greatest modern poet, when he says,

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

The latter class are also much at fault in their judgment on what they are not in circumstances to appreciate; and it is sufficient to refute their criticism to point out that such emotions, far from being confined to the weak or trifling, still less the unbelieving, have been shared by noble and christian men, and are confessed to by some of the most superior and manly writers of this or any other age.

To such a class, the writings of Byron will not, perhaps, at first sight, be very acceptable; but few writers have been able to express more forcibly, in a few words, the intenser feelings that are brought into action by the power of contrast or association. The lines alluded to are those, so well known, from Childe Harold, where the field of Waterloo suggests the agony caused to many by the loss of beloved ones on that fatal spot, with particular reference to one who fought bravely, and died lamented, "young, gallant, Howard."

"—when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which, living, waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."
Byron's best poems may not always be healthful in
their tendency, appealing, as they too frequently do,
to the more passionate and less divine part of our

human nature; but in these lines he has written what will be sympathised with by some of the highest and purest natures to the end of time.

Let us rise, however, if not in intellectual, in moral elevation of tone, and see how well Wordsworth understands the mute appeals of outward objects or sounds. That "the reverie of poor Susan" is true to nature, many a heart has declared, as tearful eyes followed the simple description.

How truly and naturally, also, does the poet put the words, that mean so much, into the lips of dear old Matthew, the village schoolmaster, in "The Two April Mornings:"

"Yon cloud, with that long purple cleft,
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind!"

Yes, old friend; and were those thirty years multiplied by three, still fresh and touching to thee would be that memorial of a father's grief! Again, in "The Fountain," where a merry and ceaseless brook sings its pleasant tune—

"My eyes are wet with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
As in those days I heard."

Not unmingled with deep sorrow is this reminiscence, for he continues,—

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved;
And many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved."

In one of the poet's finest odes, when describing the gladness of a May morning, and sympathising with all who are revelling in its beauty, he says-

"I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

But there's a tree, of many, one—

A single field that I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat."

One envies him who has so well expressed what many feel; but for those he has written, and there is a great pleasure in finding we have community of feeling with a mind of superior order. Some may be inclined to dispute the truth of the last words, and may tell us that the writer of these lines was but puerile in his versification of all he saw around him, and of the impressions made thereby on his own mind. They may produce, in proof of their opinions, some of his lighter pieces, and show him

to be a mere writer of "twaddle;" the latter word is very frequently, by some persons, applied to his poems. Without presuming to discuss at large a subject which is well worthy a separate treatise, it may be remarked, that the writer of the poems from which quotations have been given, was a poet, had he written nothing else; and that to point out the inequalities of style, which are so readily condemned, instead of dwelling on the beauties to be found in his works, seems as unreasonable as it would be to pass over, in an exhibition, some of Turner's grand early paintings, in order to point out the defects in some of his later fantastic productions—surely a senseless and ungracious task.

Who does not recal the power with which the author of the "Waverley Novels" handles this weapon, so to speak—touching his readers to the heart as he brings before them natural and forcible contrasts of the past and present, which they can intimately realise as possible in their own case, if not already their experience. In the Antiquary, Guy Mannering, Old Mortality, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian, especially, we shall find that some of the most delightful passages to which we love to recur, as to a tender phrase in a piece of music, are those which thus affect us.

In one of the earlier works of a powerful and accomplished writer of our own day, "Eugene Aram,"—a work which does not stand second to any for truthfulness of description, joined to a deep appreciation of the pathetic, and which, in these points, the author has certainly never surpassed in the wider field he has since chosen—there is a passage which the reader, who

is not already acquainted with it, will not object to find quoted here.

A returned traveller, banished by overwhelming trials from his country for several years, is passing once more through the scenes of his earliest and best days:—

"The horseman fell into a reverie, which was broken by the murmur of the sunny rivulet, fretting over each little obstacle it met—the happy and spoiled child of nature. That murmur rang on the horseman's ear like a voice from his boyhood. How familiar was it, how dear! No haunting tone of music ever recalled so rushing a host of memories and associations as that simple, restless, everlasting sound.

the same love as if they were living creatures! and in a green corner of the world there is one that, for my part, I never see without forgetting myself to tears—tears that I would not lose for a king's ransom; tears of what affection, what soft regret; tears through the soft mists of which I behold what I have lost on earth, and hope to regain in heaven!"

That such associations, and of a melancholy nature, may exist in the minds of the most Christian people, take, for example, the pathetic plaint of the pious and gifted Dr. Donne, who, above two hundred years ago, writes thus to a friend:—"'Tis now Spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, but I wither." On the same subject the devout writer of "Parochial Sketches" thus expresses himself:—

"Prodigal year! unequal to discern

Right hand from left, back to the senseless mould

Thus giving all again, why dost withhold

From living form the life for which we pine,

Nor dry our tears?"

In the life of Dr. Morrison, self-exiled Missionary to the Chinese, and first translator of the Scriptures into their language, there is a very touching remark in a letter to his wife and family, whom he had sent to England for purposes of health and education. Speaking of a new locality to which he had removed, he mentions that either in that place or during his journey thither, he saw "a long low hill," which reminded him so forcibly of one near their former home, "where the boys used to fly their kites," that it renewed his grief, and filled him with unspeakable pain.

Alas! the feeling was almost prophetic of the event. Restlessly longing to receive their first letter, he did not survive even for this: the increase of an ordinary illness having been possibly caused by this state of feeling.

No; it is in vain that philosophy combats the uselessness of such a power to the mind; exist it will wherever there is at the same time a true love of the finest touches in nature and art, and lively affections. It may be controlled or hidden; it may, it must be kept in subjection to higher hopes, of whose immortality it serves, by contrast, to remind us more forcibly; but it will still add many a pang to the sorrows of life, by recalling the joys which are irrecoverable.

Here is a grey-haired clergyman taking a survey of his trim and pleasant garden, in the unwonted companionship of his elder daughter, now a cheerful young matron, and that of his darling grandchild. He points out what slight improvements he has made since last she visited her early home, stopping occasionally to tie up a plant or use his pruning knife, while the little one smilingly runs by his side, proud of holding whatever he entrusts to her care from time to time. Not only is his countenance expressive of a serene temperament, but he is evidently much enjoying the present hour, not by word or look betraying a painful reminiscence. "Oh, father! not the vine! you will spoil it," exclaims his daughter, as he begins to prune away some of its rambling shoots from his library window. He answers quietly that he "Will only clear away those near the window which sway about and keep This satisfies her; but her sister, out the light."

still the home daughter and companion of her dear father, interprets differently his act, and the words she has over-heard; and connects them, in her inmost thoughts only, with a remark he lately made to her when he heard those vine branches tapping the window pane—that he could not bear the sound, it was so like that which he remembered in his early married days, made by the sprays of the clematis that clustered round the window.

Had the beloved partner of those days survived, how pleasant would that sound have been to his ear.

Even so, then, do we pass on through a passing world, there being few of us who have not to strive against some secret grief, while we seem but to take our place like others—of whom in our turn we know only the exterior—down the stream of time. For, if the Christian life is undoubtedly a hidden one—if the

Christian man gathers strength, consolation, guidance, from a secret source, presenting to the visible world, perhaps, a customary, and even commonplace, phase of existence, while his best hopes are treasured, as his chief motives are derived from, the invisible—so, to a certain extent also, does the natural man live a hidden life, if he be one of earnest and refined feelings; for such, while they must form the chief staple of his pain or pleasure, cannot be bared before the eyes of indifferent persons.

Let us thankfully recognise, however, this truth: that the liveliness of perception, which is the cause of occasional suffering, is also ordained to minister to present happiness. Not only does it elevate and indefinitely increase all rational enjoyment, and especially such as is derived from the beauties of nature, but it buoys up the otherwise

flagging spirits, by imparting to ordinary objects a kind of prismatic colouring. It is this quality of mind which preserves the elasticity of youth on to the decline of life; which enables those who have attained to middle age, under the pressure of many trials, to throw off the weight which these are calculated to produce, and make the most of "to-day's" happiness; and that to an extent that can neither be understood nor sympathised with by those among the young who are without this inestimable gift. We are thus led to acknowledge the truth of a remark made by one whose experience of life's vicissitudes was not small, that "happiness is more equally distributed than at first sight we are led to imagine;" for while to one side may be given the power of possessing, and the immunity from some griefs which are common to a sensitive nature:—to

the other is the unfading enjoyment of that which riches cannot purchase, and the lively appreciation of nature's best gifts which belongs only to a delicate and feeling mind. To such, every passing season brings its corresponding impressions; and, first in order, let us consider those which are awakened by the return of Spring.

To some happy and yet untried hearts it suggests only buoyant, hopeful visions; its natural promise seeming prophetic of something yet unrealised, but ever looked for: others there are, perchance, not less happy, who having had those early hopes, and proved their failure, have steered past the dangerous rocks of this world into a safe haven, whose calm unruffled surface reflects unbroken whatever gleams of light may visit them from above. To these Spring's returning bloom is full of

immortality; and every unfolding bud on the trees so long bare and dreary-looking, every newly appearing leaf from under the dark mould of flowers that have "died down to the root," speaks aloud of the resurrection.

How naturally we sympathise with all the produce of the season. The unfledged broods, the young lambs, have a peculiar interest; but unhappily in the case of most domesticated birds and animals, their probable destination checks the first sensation of pleasure we feel in their new existence. This remark may appear somewhat unsuitable in a paper which pretends to allude chiefly to our intellectual perceptions; but if ever we feel ashamed of the lower part of our nature, it is when the renewed and happy instincts of animal life receive constant violence on our behalf. One would wish to realise

the ideal of the pastoral poets, whose flocks assuredly lived to a green old age; the pet lambs nursed on the laps of Doris or Daphne, growing up to the continual sound of pipes, and in the presence of the highest human felicity, to fill decorously the places their ancestors had held! But, alas, such an Arcadian immunity from evil is no more for the guiltless partakers of our fallen nature than for ourselves: and we find a solution of the mystery as we meditate on

"—— Man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

It is almost impossible to say which season is, to the true lover of nature, whose mind and heart are at leisure for such sympathy, the most full of beauty. Spring has the peculiar charm of contrast to the dreary winter it succeeds, and the transient nature of its bright tender verdure, so soon lost, so irrecoverable. What a kindly feeling is awakened in the mind towards the inanimate plants and trees which again attract our gaze, and fill our path with objects of interest. One of the fairest, perhaps, is that which is so faithfully painted in the "Christian Year:"

"See the soft green willows springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass."

How these lines bring to mind the somewhat damp, keen, yet refreshing air of a fine morning in early Spring.

What though the hedges be yet unclothed save with the budding hawthorn, the scattered sloeblossoms, and the catkins on the willow; the wild flowers scarce, and the dearly prized song of the lark fitful and infrequent? We know that every day will forward Nature's work; that the year with all its successive charms is opening before us; and are full of indefinite hopes as to the pleasures we shall realize during its progress. So engrossing is this feeling that we could almost be contented to watch all day, like Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy,"

"The springing pastures and the feeding kine,"
though without such excuse as the mysterious long-

ings that filled his brain.

The first butterfly, the first swallow, the first primrose even, awaken so lively an interest, that it seems almost to be forgotten that each year renews the event, bringing also in due order the call of the cuckoo, as eagerly desired and welcomed. The fruit

trees with their delicate fleeting blossoms, while yet there is scarce any of the foliage apparent which will shade the forming and ripening fruit; the garden flowers, most of them also devoid of green, whether tulips, anemonies, crocuses, snow-drops, hepaticas, or others, all have their peculiar distinguishing characteristic; while they combine to lead the mind, with the imagination, ever forward, onward, either to the fuller beauties of which they are but the harbingers, or to the mature and lasting joys of which they are the symbols.

Various are the flowers which in garden borders, even at this early season, lend their aid to the cheerfulness of Spring time; but this is not the place in which to enumerate them. Of those already named the hepatica, less prized apparently than from its beauty it deserves, has the same character as the

primrose; its cheerful hopeful blossoms awaking, like the last, the same expression, so to speak, on the face of Nature, as does a smile on the human countenance. This is the case with most of the five-petalled flowers. Others, as the crocus, owe their charm to their transparency and beautiful pencilling, in every shade of saffron, purple, lilac, or variegated white; springing up as they do, independent of place or atmosphere, like gay and vigorous youth. The snow-drop is the very type of modest purity, as the violet has supplied an emblem to writers of all ages of retiring worth and sweetness.

Trite as these remarks may be, it is impossible to give way to reflections suggested by the youth of Nature, without gradually rising in thought higher in the scale of creation, and fixing the mind on those immortal blossoms, whose early characteristics must

successively pass, in most cases, through the various seasons of Summer, Autumn, and Winter, to a state of immutability. Like the former, careless of the past and future, and enjoying instinctively the present; like them also they sometimes are found to spring up in localities which seem little suited to them. The fragile beings placed among rough guardians, and breathing an impure air, droop uncomplainingly, and are gathered into the Heavenly Garner; while others, who seem well able to bear up against the wildest storms, by too careful nurture become enervated, and unfitted to meet those which will in all probability assault them in their onward progress.

Even if the guardians of the young are sufficiently observant of their individual characters, yet how impossible it is to provide against their being thrown into circumstances which appear quite unsuitable to their nature. Those who watch them are inclined to say, "This or that little one seems unfitted to battle with the world; too slight a bark to weather tempestuous seas." But who shall exempt it from the strife, or from encountering the gales which are even now preparing to threaten the slender craft?

Occasionally, very remarkable instances occur of the apparent unsuitableness of children to the place in which their lot is cast. To give one such: here is a family whose parents, an Irish labourer and his wife, are of very low grade—the former being equal to no regular business, incapable of anything higher than the bare use of a spade, and in consequence, often, through want of opportunity to employ it, sharing with his wife and children the bitterness of privation; yet three of the latter have almost the delicacy of high rank in feature, form, and complexion, as well as in their gentle demeanour. Shy and sensitive also, their need shown chiefly in the changing colour of the oval cheek, their uncomplaining endurance is quite touching to witness. Strange to find such children in such a position; so incapable as they seem of bearing the coarse jostle of the life which is prepared for their class.

But this lot is not for them. One by one they droop. Meekly suffering, the expression of their infant faces becomes more elevated as their bodies fade; and the last hour leaves on them the strange and incontrovertible assurance, that "their angels do always behold the face of their Father in Heaven."

We must not enquire why these ethereal

spirits were committed, during their short earthly sojourn, to such guardianship, and subjected to such crushing trial; but we may often observe that such peculiarity of development as this, in whatever rank, is closed early by death. We can only in our shortsightedness account for this by the supposition, surely an allowable one, that the great Ruler of all things intending them to be soon inhabitants of His kingdom, has thus prepared them for their appointed place; while their brief life, which endears them to all around, manifests His glory in their purity, and makes them as guides to the friends whose hearts are breaking at the untimely (?) separation, and whom they evermore seem to beckon onwards to a place of re-union.

As the subject grows on the mind, how many a lovely example is brought to memory of such

little ones, who thus made wise above their age, have become—though in all simplicity of intention—counsellors to their parents, seeming to be set apart from others of their family, and screened carefully from the influence of an evil world.

One there was who from his earliest months was as loving as he was much beloved; rather silent and observing, but repaying affection with a bright smile that was winning even to strangers.

It was remembered afterwards, though scarcely exciting notice at the time, that before his growing delicacy gave alarm, he became gradually—not less cheerful, but more thoughtful; a sweet gravity which rendered him more dear than ever to his only parent, pervading all his remarks: that he shrank from much gaiety, still more from merriment, in his companions; and when the truth was forced upon those who

watched him, that his silver cord of life might soon be loosed, and they used every art to retain the spirit in that failing tabernacle, how quietly, with what gentle acquiescence he accepted all the needful remedies and restrictions! Speaking little, making no complaint, still less any objection to what was thought advisable, one day, how were his tender relations—they who allowed no word of "death" or "fear" to reach him—how were they chilled to hear him artlessly relate which of his little treasures he intended for each "after his death," and requesting that they might be kept "for his sake."

So, fading daily, he falls at length into a state which seems half to separate him from them. Visions of angels descending upon him in the dim night hours, to be related with simple solemnity each returning day, till one at length arrives, the

dawn of which is to have no decay; and before his startled friends can recognise the hand that summons him, he is already beyond their call, gently, tenderly conveyed by the unseen ministering angels that have so long watched over his failing hours, to "the land that is very far off."

Lovely as this remembrance is, of which but a sketch is given, it is not without counterpart in the lives of others who have been called away, after being early made wise to this end, suddenly—to all, but themselves, unexpectedly—without passing through lingering days of sickness.

But there are, of course, many children of delicately constituted minds, who are yet spared to walk "through the ways of this world," whose inward light is rather expended in guiding themselves through its mazes, than in holding out a beacon to others; though the treasure which is to abide with them through future difficulties is hidden for the present under a more vigorous development of animal and intellectual life; and the spring of action, in such cases, often remains a problem which is not to be solved by others for many long and trying years, however it may add to the comfort of the possessor.

Referring to the remarks offered upon the various characteristics of Spring flowers, one is reminded of them in watching those which as openly and unconsciously manifest themselves in children; and their variety is almost without limit. Among these are the flaunting little ones, like the gay but scentless tulips. They chiefly desire to appear well, especially with their elders; and to outshine, where they may, their equals in age. How unpleasing are they, whether in company with others, or alone.

How poor their pleasures; chiefly valued as they are costly. "Do you know what mine cost?" is the pernicious enquiry made by such a one to a companion, who is at the moment perfectly happy in the possession of some inexpensive toy, which will henceforth perhaps seem but "Nehushtan" in his How narrow their aims; personal wants seeming to form their limit. What a hopeless task to provide for their amusement by any of the usual resources of books or pictures, which interest children of a higher class. If not leavened by judicious training, what will they grow into? In what phase of social life will they be of any value? And yet it is possible that they are not so much to blame as their teachers, who, neglecting to notice their bias, have taken not one step towards inculcating a higher tone of feeling.

How delightful a contrast to this is a child of fresh, vigorous, intelligent mind, and full of genuine simplicity and truthfulness. The presence of such qualities is the best pledge of a happy, though it may not be a prosperous, future; since happiness we know depends far more on the inward power of self-sustainment than on any accidental circumstances.

To draw from nature: two children, who shall be re-named Juan and Ina, are the offspring of parents who have been united from affection alone, and are joined in mind by a cordial sympathy in each other's pursuits, which are chiefly intellectual. They are above all littlenesses of feeling; and while they love their children with an attachment which reflects that they bear to one another, are careful not to damage their fair promise by injudicious kindness. The boy is manly and truthful; full of

promise as to intellect, and gives frequent proof already of being open to the highest motives of action. Tenderly attached also to his mother and sister, there seems a bright future laid out before him.

Ina is behind in no gift. With all her brother's quickness of perception, and an ardent love for him and her parents, she has enjoyments only known to herself. The flowers beside her path, the changes of days and seasons, every trait of nature, have a peculiar charm to her—

"The glory and freshness of a dream;"

while her kindness is called forth to the animal world scarcely less than to the poor and needy, for whom she is always anxious to perform some little act of kindness. These two appear to be the very ideal of children in its best and most cultivated state. It may hereafter be found that such advantages have not been vain in soothing, at least, the heavinesses of life, if they cannot be wholly guarded against.

To take another group from natural life: we have several children, who have met for a summer-day's recreation, more as a matter of accident than from any great congeniality. Three are sisters, who bear the name of Elvey, with a brother also, a year or two younger than the oldest, who in right of superior age is inclined to domineer a little scornfully over her juniors. Flora and Nina are also sisters, and both love the gentle-spirited Judith, who, with her wild young brother, has been visiting them for a few days, of which this is the last.

During the games with which they contrive to

pass the time, how individual character betrays itself. Though the three sisters appear to be entirely without invention or originality, yet how much they are disposed to dictate; how devoid of hearty affectionate feeling, or friendly yielding of a point; how quick to see faults in each other; how careless of exposing such failings to the rest! Their brother is different, in outward manner at least; and his mood does not seem to find favour in their eyes.

In truth he has learned something of the meek and unselfish Judith, while endeavouring to gain her good will. What she does appearing to him ever right and good, he learns in some degree to emulate her feelings, and defends her conduct against his sisters' occasional animadversions, who are, therefore, disposed to quarrel with both. There are many, especially among the very young, who are content, in the same manner, to shine for a time in the borrowed light of others, to whose example they pay at least the homage of endeavouring to imitate it: but will they keep their acquired nature when far from the object of their respect? This time must prove; but (setting apart religious influence) it is most probable that, the root being wanting, the hopeful buds will scarcely survive to blossom and bear fruit. There is more hopefulness in the character of the young Godfrey, Judith's brother; for his faults are undisguised, while his wild mischief sometimes seems merely to over-run and hide a warm, generous disposition.

In the other sisters there is as much diversity of character as of appearance, which, with the earnest temperaments possessed by both, leads sometimes to misunderstandings when they are thrown too much on each other for companionship; but their affection, which is warm and sincere, awaits, perhaps, only the day of trial to reveal itself as a mutual bond of support.

If Judith, in her modest, meek temper, unsullied by a word or look of anger, be the snow-drop of our Spring metaphor, Nina is the violet, whose true disposition has to be sought for under a screen, sometimes almost impervious to the eye. She has been so patient and retiring since her infancy has past, that few are aware that there may lurk behind this constant desire to "make peace and ensue it," a sensitiveness and decision which will one day become sources of consolation to others. On the other hand, her sister's more quick exterior, may give her a place which in after years she may hardly be able to sustain.

In such various temperaments, how difficult the task of treating each with a justice which shall neither repress the timidity of the one, nor overfoster the more demonstrative activity of the other; yet to a deficiency in this kind of judgment may be traced many a hindrance in their upward path. very frequently happens that in a nursery one child is set aside, for the rest to take a more prominent We hear of the abilities of those on each side in point of age; and if a question is asked in regard to the former, we are told that "there is very little talent there; even the younger brother or sister has more comprehension on intellectual subjects," and If the parents who are led to make such a remark could see into the future, how differently would they speak. What was considered dulness would then reveal itself as patience; and it would

be found that under an outward aspect of unconcern, there had been fostering a secret fund of observation, and an acute judgment which, joined to self-denying perseverance, was to prove their abiding support in the day of adversity.

In guiding the education (using the word in its highest sense) of children, there is another mistake to be avoided. It is not unusual to look upon their sorrows as trivial—wherefore? They are doubtless often of a nature that would not affect their elders, who have passed by the stage of life they are occupying, and they are as yet incapable of sharing keenly in the onward trials to which their comprehension has not reached; but these very facts should teach us to appropriate to each stage of existence its peculiar griefs. The cup may not hold so much as a larger vessel, but it may yet be full,

even to over-flowing; and instead of blaming the sorrow they witness as beyond the apparent occasion let those who are in advance of it rather turn back in their path for a short time, in order to look at it from the same point of view in which it is seen by the little griever, so as to form a better estimate of the trouble to be encountered.

The human mind is formed and intended to lean on its fellows, to seek what is termed sympathy from others; but it is scarcely in the power of a child to yield this assistance even to one of its own age, further than where physical trial is concerned. It can better sympathise with its elders of whatever rank, in this latter particular, than enter into the various phases of mental grief that are distressing its young companion. To their elders, therefore, they must look for this species of support, and it should

be our earnest aim that they never look for it in vain.

Nor must the delicacy of feeling which children keenly possess in common with those of more advanced age, be under-rated. It is plainly shown in the care with which they conceal their more subtle causes of sorrow; and in the difficulty their friends experience in drawing these from them, even after adopting a manner of respectful sympathy, unless that manner be perfectly genuine.

Let some persons, women especially, of sensitive minds, turn a backward glance to their own childhood, and its witness will bear out this statement. How, with every kind intention on the part of parents or teachers, their careless manner of looking upon children's griefs, has discouraged them from making known any difficulties that oppressed them;

so that with the painful feeling of being misunderstood, their sorrows slighted, and their self-respect wounded, that which they would have felt lightened even by being revealed, has been borne with, not for weeks or months only, but for years; till, childhood giving way to youth, a more extended knowledge has enabled them to disentangle, by themselves, the web that so perplexed them.

And let not parents shrink from exercising the fullest sympathy with their children, on every occasion, from any fear of being considered too indulgent. It is sometimes said that such a mode of training softens a child too much, while on the contrary he should be "hardened" to meet the exigencies of life. Ah! let not such hardening come from the parent! Doubt not it will be provided for in the successive discipline the child must undergo ere his pilgrimage

be completed; but there will be time and opportunity enough for such rough lessons, without their being anticipated by those to whom youth should look up for every species of consolation.

It is a sad mistake to think that such sympathy of mind has a tendency to enervate the young, either mentally or physically. Early habits may innure them to hardness of body; watchful and Christian training may give decision of mind, and a foundation on which to rest when placed among the temptations of the world; but these need not interfere with that tender and unreserved confidence between parent and child, which, while it gives to the latter a place of repose, enables the former to take hold of every best feeling in a child's nature towards preparing it, in turn, to take a place in life as the friend, not the antagonist, of its immortal fellow-creatures.

Amid the lessons, therefore, that Spring teaches, these flowers which are intended to bloom in a higher state, should receive the first and most earnest consideration; and we should receive encouragement from the certainty that the time and thought bestowed upon investigating their characters, as well as the self-denial, patience, and sympathy needed to win their confidence, will, by the divine blessing, assuredly not be thrown away; but that by these means they will not only be lightened of their early burdens, and have a true enjoyment of their present life, but will pass through a cheerful Summer, a useful Autumn, and a hopeful Winter, on to that hour, when, though the good accomplished in their sojourn here, will seem but as a drop in the ocean of infinite love, yet shall they be preserved from the keenest of all regrets, the consciousness that their earliest and best days, through want of careful guidance, are a blank in the history of their existence.

A Sea-side Thought.

AYLIGHT had faded, and the evening's chill

Told of Spring's earlier time,

When on the quiet shore I lingered still,

Soothed by the far-off chime

Of rippling waves, which, scarcely seen to flow, Stole on their course with gentle lapse and slow.

The wandering sea was turning to retrace

Its footsteps on the sand,

And lend its murmur for a little space

Unto the silent land.

Sweet hour, sweet sound; wistful I turned away, Chiding the briefness of that closing day. Almost impatient of the languid tide,

I watched its tranquil flow,

When o'er the smooth expanse, reflected wide, Behold the beacon glow:

And as it rose, still brightened evermore,

A shining pathway to the darkened shore.

The hours flew on, and ere the midnight fell A welcome sound was heard,

For the still waves awakened from their spell,

A freshening breeze had stirred:

High on the beach they leapt, and glittering, threw The graceful spray in forms for ever new.

But, ah! no more the cheering beacon gave

Its true reflection there,

Broken and scattered by each dancing wave

The path that shone so fair;

Save where a pool had formed a tideless bay, On whose still breast its mirrored image lay.

Thus, slow of heart, how often do we yearn For buoyant hours in view:

How oft with late repentance to discern,

Our light is scattered too!

Till, taught at length, we slowly learn to prize The calmin whose clear depths its light unwavering lies.

On Seeing a Pencil Sketch of the Skreighs at Coniston.

H! wond'rous art! though slight the outlined forms,

My heart doth welcome them, for well I know

These rugged brows, unscathed by winter storms,
Are looking over valleys sweet and low,
Where the lake breezes fitfully do blow,
And on the huge uplifted shoulder reigns
Silence profound, save where resounding slow,
The thunder echoes ere it greets the plains.
Unchanged, unchangeable, yet ever new,

The wistful traveller as he hastens by,

Sees the vast ridges stretching from his view

As lengthening onwards to infinity,

And the green pastures climb to their embrace

Dwarfed by the contact: while adown their face

A silver thread that voiceless seems to fall,

Tells of a mountain torrent's loud unceasing call.

Expostulation.



COME away! lose not the present hour

In saddened memories;

Nor let the anxious future darkly lour

Across our hopeful skies.

O come away! the dancing waves are green,

And laugh with silvery voice;

The heathery uplands, where our feet have been,

Call on us to rejoice.

O come away! the sailing clouds that pass
So quickly o'er the hill,—
The shadowed forms that lie upon the grass,

Leave not a touch of ill:

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

Then come away; ah! let no gloom invade

The sunshine of "to-day:"

Seize with a grateful heart the joys that fade,

Ere yet they pass away.

Thought Suggested by a Bleak Gale.

OW true the metaphor which calls our care

And poignant grief, a storm, or bitter blast,

Or a tempestuous ocean to be passed.

Nature, who toucheth us by all things fair, May lead us too some follies to repair

By sending forth her sterner voice, for we Still build our earthly hopes though thin as air,

When sweepeth o'er dry earth from off the sea By night, the shrill bleak February gale,

Not only for the homeless do we sigh,

Nor for the storm-tossed voyager grow pale;

But our own hearts respond to that wild cry:

We shrink as from some unknown ills of life,

And yearn to be at rest safe from their threatening strife.

Lines Sent with a Picture.

HE hand that gives, the scene it hath pourtrayed,
For doubtful skill to thee will far atone,
For the sweet mazes of this woodland shade
Are filled with recollections all their own.

There passed not by thine infancy alone,

Childhood to youth had yielded up her store

Of earnest thought, deep sympathies had grown

To early sorrow, while thy steps before

Love, truth, and high resolve invited evermore.

Down the dim paths scented with dewy fern,

And o'er the echoing bridge that spans the stream,

Haply do other children in their turn

Find summer pastime, and as idly dream

That all of life is fair as this doth seem:

Where in deep moss the chesnuts noiseless fall,

Or shapely fir-cones through dark foliage gleam,

They listen to the stock-dove's mellow call,

While every charm seems new, a dream-like pleasure all!

Yet count we not these joys beyond their worth,

From their first promise hastening to a close;

They profit little if they bring not forth

The pure desire that to completion grows,

As to the boundless sea a streamlet flows:

This, and deep memories of what hath been,

Are high possessions, and will shed repose

On weariest hours; nor is their aim so mean

That we should fear to link them with a world unseen.

And if through life's regretful paths thy feet
Shall wander, oft times failing of the end
Beloved and yearned for, still the hope is sweet
That by thy side thine earliest guides attend;
Nor deem their promise lost though they ascend
Those starry heights from which they stooped to thee;
But thou, my ever dear unchanging friend,
Still follow on, the final good to see

Of all they taught thee here, yet taught imperfectly.

The Waterfall.

Up to the pleasant waterfall,

Which scatters wide its cooling spray,

And with unceasing call,

Seems to lure onward, undesigned, The willing feet, the thoughtful mind.

For as the upland path we tread

That skirts its margin, ever new
Nature's best treasures are outspread

To our delighted view;
And who hath deeply grieved or loved
Yet seen her touching face unmoved!

What though the rocky way is steep,
Young trees their wavering shadow throw,
We see the sparkling waters leap
To the dark pool below,
And lose them but to mark around
How many a rural sight and sound!

The dripping mill wheel that repays

The stream with clack and whirring drone,
The ferns that show through silver haze,
Fringing each mossy stone,
The feathery hazels lightly stirred
And swayed by every passing bird:—

Or where the higher falls descend,—
With gentle lapse or tinkling rill,
Or fuming o'er the rocks that tend
To curb its froward will,

The stream in every changing voice Seems still to murmur or rejoice:—

The hoary face of rock that stands

With variegated moss o'erlaid,

Untouched, unreached, by human hands

Since the great world was made,

The trailing plants that downward fall

Like festive garlands on its wall:—

Such are its charms: and with regret
We plunge beneath a leafy screen,
Treading through herbage ever wet
To meadows high and green,
Whose silent brooklet is the source
That fills the headlong water course.

Reclining here in deep repose,

Mark we the water glide along;

Swiftly but stealthily it flows

The bending reeds among,

With quickening speed attains its bourne,

And finds it,—never to return.

Ah! why forsake this quiet field,

For path so restless and severe?

The stony barrier will not yield

Like thy sweet rushes here;

With wild complaints of forced delay

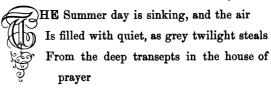
Why urge mid ceaseless brawl thy way?

But we are like thee: even so

We haste to seek, forewarned in vain,
Mid stubborn rocks life's sparkling flow,
For pleasures bought with pain;
Rush madly down while time shall be,
Still shall some hearts resemble thee.

The Angel's face.

T.



The varied colour, but awhile doth spare

The polished screen-work where the organ peals,
And fluted pillars; dimly cold and bare

Shows the blank wall which late the fading west
Painted with solemn light, and scarce reveals

The "storied" tablet of a soul at rest:

While in stained windows, forms, now fused,
now spread,

Like starry coruscations come and go,

As hushed in prayer a congregation kneels,

The darkness gathering o'er each bended head

Brings forth the scattered lamps that glimmer low:

Silent the choir and busy verger's tread,

And undisturbed the rapt petitions flow.

II.

But one is there, whose secret wasting grief
Rises to anguish in that tranquil hour;
Oppressed, deserted, vaguely for relief
Seeking the aid of the Eternal Power.
Now her long-shrouded eyes she upward turns;
What soothing vision checks their deep despair?
Lo! by the chancel's arch an angel's face,
Lit by one taper, that too lowly burns
To touch the roof, against whose gloomy space

That sculptured image shines serenely fair.
With ever-peaceful brow and steadfast smile,
It seems to triumph through the darkened air
O'er earthly woes and vanities, the while
Lifting the gazer on the wings of prayer
To that still region, where the untroubled soul
Shall sweetly rest beyond their wild controul.

The Boyagers.

"URL now your sails! rest for each toiling hand,
Our goal is won!
Behold where shines the long-expected land
Beneath a glorious sun."

Thus spake the leader of a gathering fleet,

Which from the roar

And whirl of seething billows, found it sweet

To near that peaceful shore.

Eager he stood upon the foremast prow,

With onward gaze

And outstretched hands, his calm, triumphant brow

Lit by the living rays:

Yet ever turned to nerve each feebler heart

With words of cheer;

- "Faint not, the loved ye wept to see depart, Lo! they await you here.
- " Ev'n now the voice of their transcendant hymns Floats on the air,

That halo's glory which no twilight dims,

Their sainted foreheads wear.

"They have forgotten the tempestuous sea,

The reckless gales

Are sweet and pleasant to their memory,

That filled their homeward sails.

"And ye—one final shock shall land you safe,

Where not again
O'er hidden rocks the booming waters chafe,

Nor wailing winds complain."

He ceased: the drooping heads were lifted soon,

And kindling eyes

Sought out that home, which, steeped in endless day, Tempest and time defies.

For "home" to every yearning heart it seemed; Loved from afar,

Its joyful promise on their path had gleamed,
A lambent guiding star.

Various, indeed, the fate of those who met

In peace at last;

Some with wild looks, and garments drenched with wet, From dangers lately past;

And some, more wearied of a sunless sky

And glassy deep,

Longed rather for stray gleams 'mid billows high,

Than such unbroken sleep.

Half wishing their still port awhile delayed—
That land of light!

But as it neared their longing hopes were stayed,

And faith exchanged for sight.

One, too, there was, whose bark had long beeu left To drift alone;

Their shadowy forms of which he was bereft, Still leading, beckoning on.

One had been tempest-tossed without reprieve,

Had learned at length

Calmly to watch the threatening surges heave,

And spend their utmost strength;

Labouring what time she saw their wrath subside,
With dubious skill,

So that the fury of their swelling pride

Might drive her homeward still.

And now at last—at last—her raptured glance,

Blent with surprise,

Rests on the shores of her inheritance,

Her haven and her prize.

There darling little ones whom loving arms
So safe had kept,

That 'mid the waves and tempest's loud alarms

They feared not, neither wept,

Yet lisped of "home," their happy resting-place,
And babes the while,

Looked upwards in each tender mother's face

With an immortal smile.

"Home, home!" resounded from each thrilling voice,
O'er that far sea;

"Our waiting spirits only can rejoice,

Oh, long-sought home, in thee."

And they have found it: for that little fleet

Passed soon away

Into the dazzling sunshine, calm and sweet,

Of never-ending day.

On being asked to write on the "Heroes of Alma."

OW shall we seek, on Alma's hard-won field, To number those who, throwing down their gage,

Resolved, like heroes of a bye-gone age, "To bring again, or come upon," the shield?

How name each chief who calmly rose to wield His unsheathed weapon in a righteous cause?

Who not to adverse numbers deigned to yield,

Nor merged the Christian's in the soldier's laws. To him who nobly gained the foeman's ground,

Or braved the forest's hostile paths alone,

Due praise accord; but those lay cold around,

Whose equal deeds had in a future shone:

And honoured be the humblest soldier's name, Who firmly stood to die, without one hope of fame.

Spring Besires.

OME quickly down

Come softly down

Ye April showers

Refresh our bowers

Renew the flowers

As in the hours

Which long have flown!

O freshly blow

O gaily blow

Thou early breeze

By slow degrees

Reclothe the trees

And bring the bees

Fled long ago!

O bear me on

O waft me on

Ye dancing waves

To silent caves

Your water laves

And brightly paves

With shell and stone!

O lengthening sun

O glowing sun

Not only bring

The woods to ring

With birds that sing,

Each new-born thing

Life's race to run:

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

But, bounteous light,
All-glorious light!
To the cold heart
Some warmth impart,
By thy sweet art
Let sunbeams dart
Athwart its night.

Twilight Musings.

S fiercest mid-day heat

To fields that long for showers—
As keen, untimely frost and sleet

On opening flowers—
So doth affliction's changeful strife
Lay waste the hopeful paths of Life.

And saltest are the tears

Our eyes so often wet,

For baffled hopes, and well-read fears,

With vain regret:

The lost we mourn, the mourned who live,

Each varying phase to sorrow give.

Or while the heart doth yearn

For some loved joys of old,

Slowly and wistfully we learn

Its fire is cold:

The chillness of some early blight Froze up its well-springs of delight.

Like softly gleaming rain

That falls at sultry even',

Or welcome breezes in its train

Come fresh from heaven—

To a worn heart the friend appears, Who changeth not with changing years.

But sweeter far the ray

Which, shining from above,

Reveals to us the former way

All bright with love!

That morning star, that leads us on Till love, and grief, and hope are gone.

The Boplar.

ROM my sick bed I hear a pleasant sound—
The fitful rustling of a Poplar tree,

Near to an open casement, though around
The summer wind breathes low and quietly.

Retiring with a sigh a little space,

Back comes the dancing, ruffling breeze with glee,

Sweeps round the Poplar in a swift embrace,

Runs up each quivering leaf its melody.

Ah! freshly, soothingly it comes again;
And as I listless lie, inapt to move,
Rather a sense of weariness than pain
Lifting my thoughts unto my rest above;

My fancy strives to picture wondrous things,

And change the breezy sounds I love to hear
Into the rushing of an angel's wings,

Bearing a heavenly message to mine ear.

O, that it were, "Thou exiled soul, arise:
Rise, weary pilgrim, cast thy griefs away:
Rise, pardoned sinner, deathless, pure, and wise,
Through breaking clouds behold unclouded day."

Yet, no: time is not mine. Still gaily blow

Sweet fluttering tree, beneath the summer sky;

That which can raise the heart from earthly woe,

Hath it not, too, a message from on high?

Rest after Mandering.

Treading with anxious doubt the unknown ways
Through swollen torrents and delusive haze,
Findeth himself when sorely tried and spent
Safe in some friendly home, and well content
His mind and frame o'erburdened to release
From service, to the aid thus timely lent
Yields both with strange security of peace:
So when the wearied heart hath wandering been,
Through whelming griefs and deep perplexity
Of past regrets, though fruitless not less keen,
Turning at length O Heavenly Friendto thee,
All, all surrendered to thy guiding will,
In what serene repose she trusts thee, and is still.

To a Little Infant, Bleeping.

Thou little new-born child?

To some sweet realm of hidden day,

Some fair and dewy wild?

So soft, so musical, and sweet

Thy gentle breath, it seems

As if angelic choirs did meet

To bless thy fairy dreams.

Thou heedest not that snow-drifts here
Lie thick on every bough,—
'Tis surely summer, bright and clear,
Where thou art wandering now!

'Mid murmuring bees and nodding flowers,
Or things more fair than they,
Are passed I ween thy silver hours,
Throughout our wintry day.

Perchance an infant seraph-band

Are singing hymns to thee;

They tell thee of thy native land,

And long to set thee free.

But who shall tell thy wanderings! sealed

By the Almighty hand,

An infant's dream, to Him revealed,

We may not understand.

And thus thou dost appear to be

A blest and sacred thing,

But half our own, since silently

O'ershadowed by His wing.

The Right Mind.



VEERING, restless, buoyant wind,

Comes flying o'er the darkened earth;

As swiftly in my answering mind

Old thoughts and memories have birth.

In fluttering whispers, grave or gay,

My varied past it brings again,

Those sunny hopes that would not stay,

The fears whose shadows yet remain.

In such a dark and breezy night

I journied once when life was new,
While in my future gleamed a light,—
An unknown star of glorious hue.

Wrapt in a waking fairy dream,

Each careless breath that fanned my cheek

Did to my heart a promise seem,

Of all that youth and hope would seek.

The star is set; the dream is gone.

Now as the fitful wind doth sigh,
Thought hath no will to wander on,
But turneth to the days gone by.

O gale from heaven! can you not bring

Some treasure from my early youth?

An echo on your sounding wing

Of hopes that seem so full of truth?

No: vanished, all, they come no more;

Mount up my soul to surer joys:

Those which a future can restore

No change shall mar—nor death destroys.

Then if the tell-tale wandering air
Blows softly, softly, o'er my head,
I'll think a warning voice is there,
Or music of an angel's tread.

O brave resolve! ah, feeble will!

The heart still owns its mortal birth;

Must feel the conflict warring still,

Nor soar to heaven till freed from earth.

Companionship.

AY not I am alone;

Doubt not I walk in goodly company,

And, sovereign of an undisputed throne,
Can summon whom I will to speak with me.

Lo! where at my command

Sweet thoughts of early joys come stealing on,

Till in due order side by side they stand,

Hymning the days that are for ever gone.

Now as they disappear,

Do solemn troops advance, then pause awhile:

Come on, past griefs, though ye awake a tear,

The tear is yet more precious than a smile.

Yea, dearer far to me;
Since, following close behold! a shining train
Who bring a message from eternity,
And tell how parted friends shall meet again.

Then cheered and soothed in mind,

I summon with new strength the varied forms

That throng my present, ever more to find

Some born of sunshine, some are nursed in storms.

How welcome are the first!

The love that I receive, the love I owe

To others, are like fresh'ning springs that burst

Around me, spreading verdure as they flow.

Gifts that are from on high,

Lifting the soul again from whence it came,

Each varied charm of ocean, sea, and sky,

Touching its inmost thought with kindling flame;

Treasures of written lore,

That bring me converse with the good and wise

Of by-gone ages, and a countless store

Of living, thrilling, heaven-born harmonies:

Such do I summon round

Ev'n as I list, and they in turn can shield

My presence from the last, who fain would wound,

And rob me of the two-edged sword I wield.

O, call me not alone!

With my whole heart I render praise, who see

About my path, to other eyes unshown,

Forms that attest my immortality.

Light in Barkness.

TERNAL God! how doth thy sovereign power Seem to thy feeble creatures most displayed,

When o'er the racking frame, the strength decayed,

The spirit triumphs in that failing hour.

Lo! from the couch where earth's dim shadows lour,

Mounts up the buoyant soul on eagles' wings;

Snatches the fragrance of some heavenly flower—

A sound of angels' hands on golden strings-

And sees afar, with awe unspeakable,

The Everlasting Hills serenely shine.

O Infinite. Incomprehensible.

Pants the full heart to read Thy vast design!

When shall the veil be taken from our sight,

And twilight gleams exchanged for morn's unclouded

light?

Let Me Go, for the Day is Breaking.

With solemn glory on that distant shore:

What wondrous sound my drowsy ear is waking?

O my loved Mother, keep me back no more!

Can you not see the shining bands that come

To bear my spirit home?

Take from your child her last, her grateful blessing,

For all the love that cheered her sojourn here;

The gentle counsels, and the fond caressing;

But chiefly that the way was pointed clear

To that blest path, up which her feet have trod

Unto the Lamb of God:

But let me go! what though your tender keeping

Hath shielded thus my youth from care and pain—

Have I not heard the voice of bitter weeping

For those beloved, and lost, and wept in vain?

Or seen the silent anguish of each heart,

That living, yet must part?

The babe that for a little hour delighted

The parent's arms, then in cold earth is laid;

The friend whose warm unselfish love is slighted,

Youth's hopeful dreams that all too early fade—

Have you not told me of such earthly woe?

My Mother, let me go!

Sin-haunted world, where all our true endeavour
Is crossed and thwarted by the tempter's art,
Gladly I hail the final hours which sever
My hold on thee, and call me to depart:

He hath gone first o'er Jordan's swelling wave, Whose arm is strong to save.

O, let me go! the angel-choir surrounding

The jasper throne, have tuned a harp for me;
Say, will my sinless voice with theirs resounding,
Give back an echo, dearly loved, to thee?

Now breaks my day, as all things fade below—

My Mother, let me go!

An Advent Boem .- (Rom. xiii. 12.)

WEET are the coming hours!

When with kind words, bright looks, and social fires,

We cheat the gloomy winter of his powers;

When children press once more around their sires,

And kindling joy bids charity expand,

Till humbler hearts rejoice and bless each bounteous hand!"

"Sad are the coming hours!

Which 'mid their garniture and bright array,

Point with cold finger to the withered flowers

That Hope had promised should not thus decay.

Long undeceived, I know her voice untrue:

But what like sembled joy doth inward grief renew?"

"Lonely the coming hours!

What though in solemn bands, dear friend with friend
May seek Thy temple Lord, while the old towers

Ring out glad peals? with them I may not bend
Within the courts I love: Thy prisoner here,

Alone I seek His face whose advent is so dear."

Is then His promise sure—
"The night is now far spent, the day at hand?"
And can ye not in faith awhile endure
The lessening twilight of this pilgrim land?
Yea, backward turn your faithless, roving eye,
While Advent's glorious light dawns in the eastern sky?

Wherefore dear friends rejoice,

And with unwonted smiles your kindred greet?

Long ye indeed to hear your Saviour's voice,

And bow with humble transport at his feet?

With genial warmth ye hail His Advent past—

Stand ye then well prepared to meet Him in the last?

Sad heart, ah! why repine?

Thy Saviour came thy deepest wounds to heal;

Not "sembled joy," but inmost peace is thine,

If 'mid thy griefs His presence He reveal:

O lay thy withered hopes within His tomb!

Thence will he bring them thee in everlasting bloom.

Dear sufferer, be thou still!

Can'st thou be lonely and the Saviour nigh?

To seek his face while crowds His temple fill,

He comes to watch thy bed, thy tears to dry:

Sweet, solemn comfort bring these hours to thee—

Who came to save thee once, shall come to set thee free!

"Lord Jesus, even so
Come quickly," all thy waiting servants pray;
O may our hearts discern with quickening glow,
The fast dispersing night, the coming day;
Thus only shall we hail Thy birth aright,
Thus only learn to walk, accepted in Thy sight.





